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his vulgar lottery puffs, for he leaves no room for answer, as he deals not in argument, but in abuse. The question of depreciation will be occasionally canvassed in the Commercial Report, but without any reference to the editor of the Telegraph. He has intentionally involved himself in a mist on the subject of depreciation, in order to lead his readers away from the subject. No notice would now have been taken of him, if the in course of his last remarks he had not called in question the veracity of the Commercial Reporter under the cowardly subterfuge of denominating his manner of stating facts, as fiction; a flimsy substitute for a more gross expression. The Commercial Reporter indignantly repels the foul imputation, but is too proud in conscious rectitude to take farther notice of such ungentlemanlike conduct. He made no false assertion; he exposed the Editor's quibbling manner, and refused to be led by him into a tedious examination to find out what was his meaning, which he appeared desirous to keep in obscurity. But all his writing tends only to shew the man in his proper colours. Such throughout has been the aim in the Belfast Magazine to lead him to develop himself and his apostacy, from the cause

of liberality. The end is now accomplished, and no farther notice will be taken of him, unless he shall hereafter give occasion by his treating of public questions for the reprehension which it is the duty of a free press to inflict, and from the discharge of this duty, the writer of this article will not shrink.* K.

* In discharge of this duty, it may be proper to notice a paragraph, which lately appeared in the Telegraph. The writer with his characteristic witticism attempts to turn tragedy into farce. He relates a tale of a man wounded by a soldier, at the late riot near Downpatrick, a subject not very fit for merriment. The wretched people goaded by Orange insults, are more objects of pity than of blame. But he wished to display his talent at buffoonery, and at the same time to shew his smattering in anatomy. He talks familiarly of carneous, and clunicular and those terms calculated to make the vulgar stare. But he showed no compassion for a poor wounded man. Voltaire described a combination of want of feeling and vanity, by comparing such characters to a union of the tyger and the monkey.

CORRESPONDENCE ON SUBJECTS CONNECTED WITH THE RETROSPECT OF POLITICS.

To the Proprietors of the Belfast Magazine.

I OBSERVE the editor of the Newry Telegraph is very angry with you. He is one of the completest scolds in print, I have ever seen. How did you incur his deadly enmity? Is he angry at you for exposing his desertion of his former principles? and your talking of an editor, who acknowledged he had reduced himself to a mere machine like a spade, to make money for his employers? Is he only desirous from vanity to have "the last word," without considering whether it will be "the word, which lasts longest?" Or does he wish to frighten you by his abuse, his low wit, and his affected contempt for noticing his many political transgressions? I trust I have formed a just opinion of you, when I believe you will not be thus deterred from the dis-

charge of your bounden duty, as honest public writers, who wish to enlighten your countrymen, but that you will persevere in exposing his errors, as often as he shall give occasion. Abuse or undeserved censure recoils only on the rash assailer. In the panoply of conscious rectitude, you are safe from his most envenomed attacks, while he writhes under your merited chastisement. As he affects to express contempt for your Magazine, while he severely feels your reproofs, I shall conclude in the words of Young, in his epistle to Pope, as applicable on the present occasion, although in imitation of the editor of the Telegraph, I shall not borrow from my own poetry.

—"If like mine, or Codrus' were
thy style,
The blood of vipers had not stain'd thy
file,

Merit less solid, less despite had bred ;
They had not *bit*, and then they had not
bled.

Slight, peevish insects round a genius
rise,

As a bright day awakes a world of flies,
With hearty malice, but with feeble wing,
(To shew they live,) they flutter and they
sting,

But as by depredations wasps proclaim
The fairest fruit, so these the fairest
fame."

The Editor's manner of treating your correspondent H—s, by which he intended to mark his contempt, is in my view, the most arrogant, silly and vulgar attempt, with which I have ever met in the annals of controversy. The vanity of the man suffers him not to know himself. Surely in every respect H—s, is on a footing, while on others he stands pre-eminent over this self-important editor.

SCOURGE.

For the Belfast Monthly Magazine.

ON THE NEWRY TELEGRAPH.

At the risk of contributing to encrease what certainly ought to be diminished, namely, the self-importance of this Newry Journalist, I am induced to add a few remarks upon him for the present month. These occasional comments are due to the sincere admirers, if any there be, of this Editor. For the rabble of readers, to whom *his* appeals are generally directed, who doubtless consider his monthly effusions as the wisest and merriest of modern times, and who believe implicitly all his replies to be most satisfactory refutations of what they have not read ; it is true the Magazine cannot reckon on the favour of such literary judges. The Editor of the Telegraph has secured *their* sanction for whatever his adventurous genius may prompt him to advance against this work, and its supposed principles. Some people might question the competence of *such a court*, to pronounce on the merits even of a dull anecdote in the Telegraph : yet encouraged by these patrons, the man perseveres month after month, adhering to a helpless system which, though not the first to practise, he is the first to defend. In the quarter I have alluded to, he is of course a high authority ; his merits though imperfectly known are loudly applauded, therefore :

Ille se jactet in aula !

The intoxication of these plaudits may well account for his variation of tone, and occasional contradictions ; *graces*, that so peculiarly distinguish this happy Editor. The "degraded Magazine," which, as we were given to understand, was to be honoured no more by the notice of the Telegraph, is again made the subject of a long article in the present month. Nay further, certain dark presages of severer and more frequent visitations, are held out in *terrorem*, over this devoted Journal ! As however those calamities will doubtless prove heavy enough, when they arrive, we need not here afflict ourselves with the prospect, but proceed to consider the Telegraph, as he now manifests himself to his readers.

It is in the recollection of the public, that the Newry Telegraph had been pointed out in the Magazine, as disingenuously endeavouring to divide the people, and by its silence acting as a drawback on the improving liberality of the country. Now on the subject of Bank Notes, or on no subject at all, it is very well known that the Newry Editor could prose on indefinitely : the other questions being "personal" as he conceives, deserve really no sort of attention from this high minded man, but especially if any mere correspondent of the Magazine, *presumes* to attack the Newry Commercial Telegraph on such points, curious it is to see how this official scribe does frown ! "The Magazine writers* know that the Telegraph *never* replies to such observations as only excite his contempt." And perfectly right !

*Such is the constant *style* of the Telegraph, to give his readers to understand that not *two or three*, but the *whole host* of Magazine writers are embodied against *him alone*. There is some ingenuity in these *dishes*, which must give the "gaping crowd" an amazing idea of the Telegraph's prowess. On another occasion he divides the small pages of the Magazine into *columns*, and tells his readers he has been abused in *six or seven columns*, by one correspondent of the Magazine. The "six or seven columns" may contain about half as much in quantity of writing as one Anti-Magazine article in the Telegraph. But this Editor sees every thing through a magnifying medium except his own "modest merits."